



Paul Shane &lt;pjshane@gmail.com&gt;

## Connecting - November 10, 2017

1 message

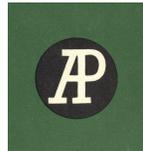
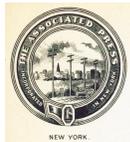
**Paul Stevens** <paulstevens46@gmail.com>

Fri, Nov 10, 2017 at 8:50 AM

Reply-To: paulstevens46@gmail.com

To: pjshane@gmail.com

Having trouble viewing this email? [Click here](#)



# Connecting

November 10, 2017

Click [here](#) for sound  
of the Teletype



## Connecting's salute to veterans

Colleagues,

Good Friday morning!

As we do annually, Connecting recognizes the military veterans among us on the eve of the Veterans Day holiday on Saturday.

This year, I asked veterans to share their favorite story from their military service - and a good number of you responded. If you "missed the memo" or "the dog ate

your homework" and would like to share your own story, send it along and I will run it on Monday.

First off is some good news from our Connecting colleague **Kathy Gannon** ([Email](#))

In 2014, Kathy suffered multiple gunshot wounds and her AP colleague and close friend, photographer **Anja Niedringhaus**, was killed by an Afghan police officer as they prepared to cover the presidential election. Kathy took a break from surgery to return to work in 2016 as AP's senior correspondent for Pakistan and Afghanistan, based in Islamabad, until September of this year when she returned to New York for two last surgeries.



"I had what I am hopeful is my final operation - number 18," she said. "I am sharing this in part to celebrate, in part to say thanks for the kindness of friends, selfless caring of family, and unstinting support of The AP and also as a reminder to myself of how very much I have to be grateful for, of how very much we all have to be grateful for. After the shooting I often wondered what the future would look like. It's good. It's hopeful. The path forward is lit by the light that I know comes from Anja. This photo is courtesy of my husband, Naeem Pasha, whose caring - and great cooking - keeps me strong."

Kathy hopes to be back at work in the region by the end of this year, at the latest by Jan. 1, 2018. The work she did during her return is on her site [www.kathy-gannon.com](http://www.kathy-gannon.com)

"The stories I did, I did for both Anja and I and when I returned, I returned for both of us," she said. "I am so very grateful for so much."

Have a great weekend!

Paul

# Favorite memories of Connecting military veterans' service



**Jim Bagby** ([Email](#)) - Marching in civic and rodeo parades under 100-degree-plus Oklahoma sun comes to mind quickly as my least favorite memory of my time with the 97th Army Band. I was stationed most of my time from 1967-69 on the sprawling artillery base at Fort Sill, in southwest Oklahoma's Wichita Mountains. (Only easterners would call them mountains). The heat, dust and horse droppings of the parades were offset by the awards assemblies the band played nearly every Friday at post headquarters.

There we greeted generals to privates with the National Anthem, lively Sousa marches, ruffles and flourishes and of course, the U.S. Field Artillery March - better known as the Caisson Song. The band was about 40 strong and made up primarily of professional or highly trained musicians in civilian life. (How I and my trombone were there is a long story). The music is stirring.

But the band was not the highlight of those ceremonies: it was the commendations read for the awards being handed out to soldiers returning from Vietnam. Those ranged all the way up to Silver Stars, the nation's second-highest military honor. And as the action in 'Nam built over the two years I was in the 97th, the number of

awards and the head-shaking deeds described in the commendations made each Friday one to remember - to this day.

-0-

**Henry Bradsher (Email)** - During Air Force service from 1952-55, I was an intelligence officer with an Air Resupply and Communications group training in Montana to fly 300 feet off the ground into enemy territory to introduce, resupply and evacuate guerrillas. We soon deployed to England to penetrate the Iron Curtain if needed.

As part of understanding air crews' problems and winning their confidence, I often flew in their left-over WWII B-29s, C-119 Flying Boxcars, and SA-16 amphibians - none of which in those days had the kind of radar that now safely controls low-level flight; ours was all visual.

One B-29 mission was scheduled to fly near my home in Louisiana, so I signed up. When the itinerary was changed, I cancelled. With the engines throttled back for maximum range - throttled back too far, it turned out - the plane mushed into the ground in Nebraska.

Not exactly a favorite memory - I had friends on that plane, and later on another B-29 that flew into a German mountain.

More interesting was landing on a moonless night with no lights except one flick of a flashlight. As our SA-16 approached a lake in the Bavarian Alps with me looking over the pilot's shoulder, a man on the shore flicked his light. Amphibians are built strongly to be flown at a controlled rate into the water, which we did, taxied back toward the shore to pick up the man by another flick, another 180 turn, and took off, climbing out of the dark valley.

(Henry Bradsher, 7 November 17 [the 100th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution; 50 years ago, I was in Red Square covering the big celebratory parade.)

-0-

**Jim Carlson (Email)** - Unfortunately, I have few favorite memories from my days as a draftee and Army infantry soldier in Vietnam's Central Highlands. As a UW-Madison journalism grad, I knew all about problems surrounding the war by the

time I got the famous induction letter from Uncle Sam in fall of 1968, when I returned home to the Milwaukee area from Wausau in north central Wisconsin where I had just accepted a reporting job, to start the next week.

I wound up going through basic training, advanced infantry training and APC driver school before shipping out. Assigned to an infantry squad, I was able to use my training to win a reassignment after a few weeks as an information stringer for my battalion. So I would spend time with troops in the field, then go back to base camp to turn in stories and photos to the division information office for use in Army publications, hometown newspapers or even Stars and Stripes on occasion. I still have a box of photos and clips of stories from that time. One favorite is about the civil affairs team working to support a Montagnard village where I visited a number of times. In the lead there's some of our futility coming through: "The road to Plei Kong Brech, filled with ruts and ditches, seems much better suited to human feet and cattle hooves than to the hard rubber tires of a truck."



**1969, near Pleiku**

Of course, I have warm memories of the many friends I served with and the good times we had when we could. But overall, it was a frustrating, sometimes scary time. I've written a song that I've updated a number of times to express what it was like. The main message - don't let our leaders mislead us into wars like that again. It's as important as ever to remember that lesson now:

## **Vietnam Lament, by Jim Carlson**

(To the tune of Woody Guthrie's Union Maid)

There once was a nice young man, who never took a stand  
 On war or peace or anything else. He was brave and true and bland.  
 He thought that he was free, in the silent majority  
 But deep inside, an echo cried, and tried to make him see.

(Chorus)

Oh, I sure am scared, I wish I knew what was going on.

I wish I knew what was happening. I wish I knew what was going on.

Oh I sure am scared, I wish I knew what was going on.

I wish I knew what was happening. I sure am scared.

Then Uncle Sam one day, took him so far away,

Gave him a gun, said join the fun, a jungle game to play.

He quickly learned that war, could be both deadly and a bore,

But a brew or a joint could dull the point, and make him ask, "What for?"

Oh, I'm really pretty scared, I wish I knew what was going on.

I wish I knew what was happening. I wish I knew what was going on.

Oh, I'm really pretty scared, I wish I knew what was going on.

But as the soldiers say, "It don't mean nothing."

The troops made quite an array. They wore peace symbols every day.

And some had the letters "F.T.A." on their helmets for display.

They shared one common goal, to get home safe and whole.

They didn't know the strife, could last through life, and live within their soul.

Oh, I'm still pretty scared, I wish I knew what was going on.

I wish I knew what was happening. I wish I knew what was going on.

Oh, I'm still pretty scared, I wish I knew what was going on.

But I'm a short-timer now, just counting the days.

When this young man went home, he knew he wasn't alone,

But he also knew so many who would never make it home.

And he couldn't help asking why, so many had to die,

Or why Uncle Sam was in Vietnam, and all he could do was cry:

Oh, it makes me mad, I wish I knew what was going on.

I wish I knew what was happening. I wish I knew what was going on.

Oh, it makes me mad, I wish I knew what was going on.

I wish I knew what was happening. It makes me mad.

And so this nice young man, tried to understand  
A war that was a wasted cause, a cancer on the land.  
And he opened up his eyes, and he said it's a pack of lies  
And there's many more, that I saw before, that I didn't realize.

Oh, I'm sick of all this war, I'm going to take a stand.  
I know I understand. I'm going to take a stand.  
Oh, I'm sick of all this war, I'm going to take a stand  
And I'm going to do what I can, 'til the day I die.

Forty years have now gone by, since so many had to die  
And the ones that beat us in the end, are now our friends and trade ally.  
And the lesson is still the same, though we forget it again and again.  
When Uncle Sam says fight, be damn sure it's right, and not some political game..

Oh, I'm sick of all this war, it's time we take a stand.  
I know we understand, it's time we take a stand.  
Oh, I'm sick of all this war, it's time we take a stand  
And it's time we do what we can, until the day we die.

(Copyright Jim Carlson)

-0-

**Darrell Condon** ([Email](#)) - I remember my first Marine Corps ball in Washington DC in 1966. We had been married in June of that year and in November we went to the ball. My wife was just 19 and was beautiful. I was dressed up in my Dress Blues. I remember having our picture taken with a bull dog somebody brought.

-0-

**Joe Frazier (Email)** - I enlisted in the Marine Corps shortly after graduating from the University of Oregon in 1967, I landed You Know Where a few months later with the 11th Marines, in an artillery unit. There were worse jobs out there.

Still it was a time of few joys. We fired hundreds of rounds of 155mm howitzer shells some nights and where they may have landed bothers me to this day.

During the day we did basic maintenance on the guns and usually had cold sodas to ease us through the withering Quang Nam province heat. We had a fat officious seriously stupid gunnery sergeant, if that isn't a redundancy, who could barely read his own tattoos who would waddle down the gun line helping himself to open soda cans.

After a while we had had a bellyful and one of us who shall go unnamed took one of the cans, Orange Crush if memory serves, and peed in it, putting it back in its usual place.

Sure enough he downed maybe a third of it before figuring out that it sure didn't taste like Orange Crush.

In his monosyllabic glory he demanded to know who did it. Nobody could quite remember.

We thought it was funny as hell. He didn't.

-0-

**Robert Graves (Email)** - Two years after starting work at the AP and just before turning 19, the United States held its first draft lottery on Dec. 1, 1969, which gave men a random number corresponding to their birthday. Men with lower numbers were called first. My birthday, Dec. 30, wound up being drawn No. 003. Oh well!



**In 1970 waiting for helicopters to bring us out on a mission from LZ Hawk Hill, a forward firebase near Danang in Vietnam.**

Being draft eligible, I was requested to report in May. I took basic training at Fort Knox, then infantry training at Fort Polk in Louisiana before being sent off to Vietnam on Oct. 1, 1970, for a one year tour of duty. Orders there had me assigned to the Americal Division, 196th Infantry Brigade, Charlie Company, 2nd Battalion, 1st Infantry working in Vietnam's I Corps. Roughly the area from Danang up to the DMZ.

After my discharge, I returned to my position in the AP's Chicago photo department in January 1972.

I had many memorable moments during my tour, but the truly special moment for me came almost 14 years later in 1986 when I participated in the Chicago Vietnam Veterans' "Welcome Home Parade" that became the largest parade of its kind in the history of America. Nearly 500,000 spectators cheered for those that marched. It was a moving moment for vets to be recognized, especially after we were not welcomed home on our original return.

-0-

**Mike Holmes (Email)** - As with many of my Vietnam vet comrades, my favorite memory was getting out. The war was winding down in December 1972, and a lot of guys were being given early release dates. About 10 days before Christmas, my number was called. The first leg was helicoptering from our aircraft carrier to a Philippines-bound supply ship. Two days of steaming through a storm followed.

Then a Flying Tiger flight from Clark AFB to Tokyo, followed by another from Tokyo to San Francisco. Because we had crossed the International Date Line, I arrived at the Treasure Island Navy base an hour before I'd left the Philippines. But with so many guys getting discharged for Christmas, there literally was no room at the inn. We were shown a map and told to pick a Navy base closer to home.

I chose Naval Air Station Dallas; they cut my orders immediately, and I was off to another airline flight that same afternoon. It arrived at Dallas Love Field around midnight. Worn out, I spotted a Holiday Inn across the street. An officious young lady at the counter said that without a reservation, they didn't have a room for me. "Miss, I was in the Tonkin Gulf three days ago, I've been flying for 36 straight hours and I don't even know what day it is," I told her. The hotel's night manager overheard and told the clerk, "Give him a room. On us." It was a heck of a welcome home. (And I've been a loyal Holiday Inn customer ever since.)

-0-

**Repps Hudson (Email)** - I think I may be one of those rare Vietnam combat veterans who treasures so much his experience in country as a rifle platoon leader with the First Infantry Division (1967-68) and then returning the next year to marry my first wife, who is Vietnamese.

When we were completely broke in March 1969, I got hired as an office boy in the AP's Saigon bureau by the bureau chief, George McArthur.

That was my lucky break, to have worked alongside and to learn from George Esper, Ed White, Horst Faas, Nick Ut, Dick Pyle, Peter Arnett, Henri Huet and others.

McArthur and Esper let me write stories and do interviews over the phone, but they never let me go far from the office, lest I get hurt. Some of my stories ended up in newspapers back in the states.

I stayed through late July and, with McArthur's letter vouching for my enthusiasm if not my writing skills, I got hired by the Kansas City Times as a cub reporter at the age of 23.

So, yes, I have quite fond memories of Vietnam and the AP in Saigon. What a wonderful moment in my life.

-0-

**Bill Kaczor (Email)** - One of the memories from my Air Force stint that stands out is my one and only firearms training session. As ammo was running short due to the Vietnam War, it was skipped during basic training because relatively few airmen would ever need that skill.

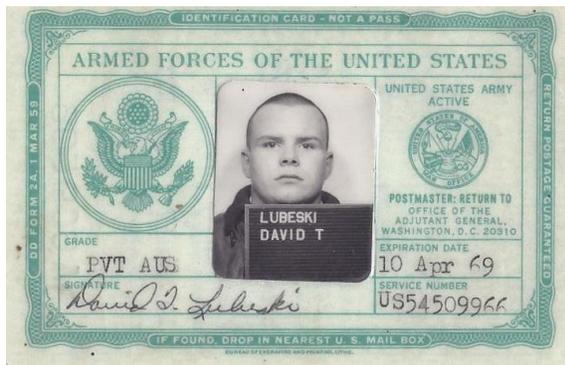
That was true in my case as a flight simulator specialist. However, someone (probably a colonel who didn't have enough to do) decided that everyone in the 33<sup>rd</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing should know how to use a gun since we were considered a combat unit.

So off we went to the rifle range at Eglin Air Force Base, Fla. Everything went smoothly until we were given a chance to shoot our rifles on full automatic at an old armored personnel carrier. Just as the order to fire was given a crow flew between us and our target. Feathers flew everywhere as the bird was obliterated in a hail of gunfire.

So I may have, however unwittingly, killed for my country. I say "may" because I cannot vouch for my accuracy.

-0-

**David Lubeski (Email)** - Army Infantry (Medic) 1967-68 stationed at Coleman Barracks, Sandhofen, Germany - Guard duty was divided into three shifts. We would walk on patrol for one hour and then sleep for two hours until it was time to go back on patrol again. We were given three rounds of ammunition to guard the motor pool, but our weapons were not loaded, unless there was a threat. On my second shift in the wee hours of the morning I got up and stood yawning in line to sign out my three rounds of ammo. It was a sleep walk to the motor pool, but I managed to stay awake for the next hour. Upon being relieved I walked back to the guard shack and reached into my pocket for my three bullets so I could turn them in and get back in a bunk for sleep time, but they weren't there. It was winter in Germany and I had on several layers. I started stripping off layers as I checked pockets. No bullets. I ducked back out and began to retrace my steps. For more than an hour I continued my search, covering every step from the time I left the guard shack until I walked back, to no avail. Defeated, I went back in and confessed to the duty sergeant that I'd lost my ammo. He just laughed and pointed to three rounds on the table that I had forgotten to pick up and put in my pocket after I had signed for them.



-0-

**Bill McCloskey (Email)** - While at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, I learned that I was being sent to Vietnam in 1967 to be an Army company clerk Signal outfit in Can Tho, in the Mekong Delta. Having worked at a professional radio station newsroom in Philadelphia for five years during high school and college, I thought I'd rather work for Armed Forces Radio in Saigon than type morning reports in the Delta.

I talked to an Army photographer just back from the war zone and he recommended I contact Sgt. Maj. Don Cogrove, the head of the military radio station in Vietnam. I sent a resume and a tape. When I got to Vietnam, a military policeman came up and said "McCloskey, they're looking for you in Saigon."

Turns out Armed Forces Radio had "requisitioned" me, but in typical military fashion the 1st Signal Brigade figured if someone else wants him, we'd better keep him. It worked out though, as I was assigned to the brigade's new public information office where I worked producing stories for The Communicator, Stars & Stripes and whatever other publications would run them. I also got to travel around Vietnam with a tape recorder doing interviews to be played on radio stations back home. That was usually pretty quick work, I'd just walk the line at the mess hall and do the 60-second interviews while the soldiers waited for lunch or dinner.

-0-

**Joe McGowan (Email)** - I joined the Navy Reserve while a student at U. of Wyoming. After graduation, applied for active duty and was assigned to a PCE (sub chaser) based in Milwaukee, WIS!!!! We were a training ship, so took on reservists two weeks at a time during the summer. Our only close call was nearly being sunk by a fast-moving car ferry in deep fog on Lake Michigan. Three breweries had beer for men in uniform and entrance to Milwaukee Braves games was free!! The USO had coeds from Marquette U.! On active duty I was a Yeoman 2nd class. Later I got a commission in the reserve and went Ensign, LTJG and LT.

-0-

**Eric Newhouse (Email)** - I was drafted in 1968, fully expecting to be sent to Vietnam, but ended up at Fort Meade, Md., working for the base newspaper. Then one day, my editor, John Strachan, told me he'd just received orders for 'Nam before he could finalize plans for the best job in the Army - and was I interested?

Of course! So I ended up writing news releases and booking concerts for the U.S. Army Field Band.

After I got out in 1970, I was spraying mosquitos with malathion in College Park, Md., to help put myself through grad school. The Army sent me a letter asking whether my military training had made me more employable and asked my current occupation. I replied that it had and that my occupation was: category, killer; subcategory, mosquito.

Incidentally, I later caught up with Strachan when he was a broadcast executive with The AP in Washington, D.C.

-0-

**Lyle Price (Email)** - The fighting in Korea had been over for a year and a half when I arrived at Inchon, Korea, with a boatload of GIs on a frigid Jan. 5, 1955. We had to go on deck before sunrise in five-degree weather to be ready for small boats to offload us. Inchon harbor had high tides and no piers that I noticed so offloading was tricky. The small offloading boats were the style and size of a Boston whaler.

Not long after being assigned to the Army's public information office in Inchon, I found myself talking one day to a lieutenant who had a story for me. It was about a draftee that had been an architect in civilian life and had designed a machine gun emplacement that allowed for a terrific swivel range. The LT showed me the emplacement, which was positioned at a strategic defensive point. I recollect more details clearly but will not divulge them for reasons to be stated later.

At the end of my story-gathering, the LT treated me to ice cream and cake in the mess hall and hoped I'd do stories about his outfit on a weekly basis. I said nothing to that.

When I wrote the story, the PIO said he'd better check with S2 (regiment-level intelligence). The officer came back with a very somber face. He said my story had been stamped secret, locked in a safe, and that S2 wanted to know how come I was handling secret information when I wasn't cleared for secret! I was put in for such a clearance but it got cancelled when our outfit was disbanded and I wound up as a classification and assignment clerk for a battalion stationed with the artillery just south of the DMZ and north of the 38th parallel.

BTW, I never went back to visit the publicity-eager LT. And to this day my lips are sealed as to the details of that gun emplacement or its exact location.

-0-

**Brendan Riley** ([Email](#)) - Favorite memories of the Navy, 1968-70. In order, from good to best:

Being at sea, thousands of miles from land, crossing the Pacific. Whether westbound to the Philippines and Vietnam or eastbound to the states, it didn't really matter. It was an adventure, being out in the middle of that vast expanse of ocean.

Flying home in early 1970 after about eight shipboard months in the South China Sea. The military charter was filled with sailors, Marines and Army soldiers headed to Travis Air Force Base in California. It was a memorable airborne party, as opposed to the funereal atmosphere of an outbound flight in 1968 to Clark AFB in the Philippines and a bus ride to the USS Haleakala, the ammunition ship on which I served for nearly two years.

Leaving the ship, drydocked for repairs at China Basin in San Francisco, for the last time on an evening in June 1970, discharge papers in hand, and walking into Fox Plaza the next morning for the first day of 39 years with the AP. Several weeks before that, I was able to leave the ship, get to the bureau, take the AP test and interview with COB Paul Finch.

-0-

**Jeff Rowe** ([Email](#)) - At March Air Force Base back in the early 1970s, it was easy to hitch a ride on an aircraft bound for Hawaii, or someplace else appealing, for a few days' leave.

But I was reminded this (Wednesday) morning of a less-pleasant memory of military service from those times. Our state assembly member hosted a "Veteran Appreciation Breakfast" in Lakewood, California, about 60 miles west of March (now an Air Reserve Base), which is just east of Riverside, California. It was almost surreal to be attending this event with about 50 other veterans and imagining anything remotely similar happening back in those last years of our Vietnam involvement.

And back in those days, if you flew on a commercial airline, you had to be in uniform to get the reduced military fare. And being in uniform then in public was to be shunned.

Some years ago on a Southwest Airlines flight, I was reminded though of how much we had changed as a nation. The pilot came on the intercom, named a passenger and his seat number and said that passenger was in the Army and had just pinned on his first star -- he was now a brigadier general.

The passengers on the full flight broke into spontaneous and enthusiastic applause.

-0-

**Bill Schiffmann (Email)** - I often think about my four years in the Air Force. It's hard to pick the best part, not because there weren't any but because there were a lot.

I served from Dec. 1965 to Nov. 1969. My best experiences came early, when I was sent to my first duty station, the Defense Language Institute, in Monterey, CA. We lived in four-man rooms for eight months as we unraveled the mysteries of Chinese. I was lucky enough to be with three guys who shared my disdain for authority. We pooled our money, bought an old car and rented a house near the water. Living off the base was strictly forbidden. We never got caught.

I learned to ride a motorcycle there, beginning a lifelong love affair with two wheels. I had my first and last fistfight there and still have a scar on my thumb. I met my first wife there. I made friends I'm still in touch with.

I realize I had it made. I went where they sent me, and it was impossible not to enjoy it.

-0-

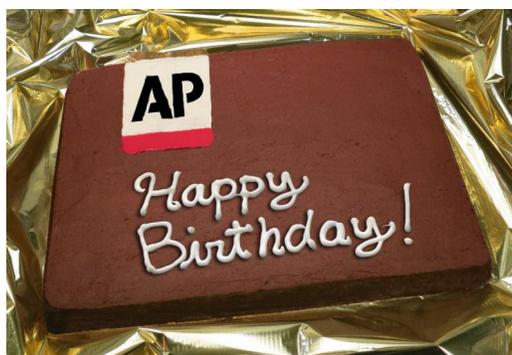
**Mike Tharp (Email)** - On 13 January 1969, I was drafted out of Notre Dame Law School, after student deferments for five years. U.S. Army basic training was at Fort Bliss, Texas, followed by three months at Fort Meade, Md. I was sent to Vietnam 22 July 1969, assigned to II Field Force, some 20 miles northwest of Saigon. It was near Bien Hoa Air Base and had been hit hard during Tet in 1968. I worked as an Army journalist with the 16<sup>th</sup> Public Information Detachment. We covered more hearts and minds than blood and guts. My DEROS (Date Estimated Return from Overseas) was 16 August 1970. I got out as an E-5 with an Honorable Discharge and a Bronze Star. Made friends there I still call 'Brother.' The experience helped me cover six more wars as a civilian correspondent.

-0-

**Terry Wolkerstorfer** ([Email](#)) always knew he wanted to be a journalist, but the Vietnam War turned his interests from sports to politics and foreign policy. He first served as an Army Officer from 1966-1967 and returned to Vietnam a few years later as a journalist to cover the war for the Associated Press. As the (attached) video shows, he learned it was an enormous undertaking to find and tell the truth in wartime. From Twin Cities PBS, shared by Jeff Williams.

[Click here](#) to view the video.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Tim Curran - [timothylcurran@hotmail.com](mailto:timothylcurran@hotmail.com)

Lisa McLendon - [lisamclendon@ku.edu](mailto:lisamclendon@ku.edu)

Eva Parziale - [eparziale@ap.org](mailto:eparziale@ap.org)

*On Sunday to...*

Roy Bolch - [wrbolch@verizon.net](mailto:wrbolch@verizon.net)

John Milburn - [John.Milburn@da.ks.gov](mailto:John.Milburn@da.ks.gov)

Lee Mitgang - [mitgangl@msn.com](mailto:mitgangl@msn.com)

## Story of interest

***Dear Sutherland Springs, you deserve an apology from the news media*** (Dallas Morning News)



**By Lauren McGaughey, State Capitol Reporter**

Dear Sutherland Springs,

When I drove into town Sunday afternoon, it was still quiet. Just a few hours had passed since the massacre at First Baptist, and only a handful of local journalists were there. By day's end, dozens more had descended. By Monday, there were hundreds of us - reporters, producers and photographers from all over the world.

The media presence doubled the size of your grieving community, or so it seemed. You couldn't park at the post office. It was jammed with news vans and satellite trucks, its lawn trampled by a half-dozen tents the big networks set up. You couldn't get a quiet meal at the local cafe, where waitresses trying to get through their shifts were asked again and again to talk about the friends and family they had just lost.

It was miserably hot, even for Texas. But the gas station was out of sunscreen. We'd bought it all.

It was an invasion. It was too much.

Read more [here](#).

## Today in History - November 10, 2017



**By The Associated Press**

Today is Friday, Nov. 10, the 314th day of 2017. There are 51 days left in the year.

### **Today's Highlights in History:**

On Nov. 10, 1982, the newly finished Vietnam Veterans Memorial was opened to its first visitors in Washington, D.C., three days before its dedication.

### **On this date:**

1766: Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, had its beginnings as William Franklin, the Royal Governor of New Jersey, signed a charter establishing Queen's College in New Brunswick.

1775: The U.S. Marines were organized under authority of the Continental Congress.

1871: Journalist-explorer Henry M. Stanley found Scottish missionary David Livingstone, who had not been heard from for years, near Lake Tanganyika in central Africa.

1917: 41 suffragists were arrested for picketing in front of the White House.

1938: Kate Smith first sang Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" on her CBS radio program. Turkish statesman Mustafa Kemal Atatürk died in Istanbul at age 57.

1942: Winston Churchill delivered a speech in London in which he said, "I have not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire."

1951: Customer-dialed long-distance telephone service began as Mayor M. Leslie Denning of Englewood, New Jersey, called Alameda, California, Mayor Frank Osborne without operator assistance.

1954: The U.S. Marine Corps Memorial, depicting the raising of the American flag on Iwo Jima in 1945, was dedicated by President Dwight D. Eisenhower in Arlington, Virginia.

1969: The children's educational program "Sesame Street" made its debut on National Educational Television (later PBS).

1975: The U.N. General Assembly approved a resolution equating Zionism with racism (the world body repealed the resolution in Dec. 1991). The ore-hauling ship SS Edmund Fitzgerald mysteriously sank during a storm in Lake Superior with the loss of all 29 crew members.

1982: Soviet leader Leonid I. Brezhnev died at age 75.

1997: A judge in Cambridge, Massachusetts, reduced Louise Woodward's murder conviction to involuntary manslaughter and sentenced the English au pair to the 279 days she'd already served in the death of 8-month-old Matthew Eappen.

2004: Word reached the United States of the death of Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat at age 75 (because of the time difference, it was the early hours of Nov. 11 in Paris, where Arafat died).

Ten years ago: A stagehands strike shut down most Broadway shows, with curtains rising again 19 days later. Author Norman Mailer, 84, died in New York. The mother of rapper Kanye West, Donda West, died at a Los Angeles-area hospital at age 58 a day after undergoing plastic surgery. Miami ended its 70-year stay at the famed Orange Bowl with a lopsided 48-0 loss to Virginia.

Five years ago: Two people were killed when a powerful gas explosion rocked an Indianapolis neighborhood, damaging or destroying more than 80 homes. (Five people were later convicted of charges in connection with the blast, which prosecutors said stemmed from a plot to collect insurance money.)

One year ago: President-elect Donald Trump took a triumphant tour of the nation's capital, where he held a cordial White House meeting with President Barack Obama, sketched out priorities with Republican congressional leaders and took in the majestic view from where he would be sworn in to office. After seven times as finalists for the National Toy Hall of Fame, the Little People of Fisher-Price's house, barn and school bus were enshrined along with the swing and Dungeons & Dragons in the hall's class of 2016.

Today's Birthdays: Film composer Ennio Morricone (EHN'-yoh mohr-ee-KOHN'-eh) is 89. Blues singer Bobby Rush is 83. Actor Albert Hall is 80. Country singer Donna Fargo is 76. Former Sen. Saxby Chambliss, R-Ga., is 74. Lyricist Tim Rice is 73. Actress-dancer Ann Reinking is 68. Actor Jack Scalia is 67. Movie director Roland Emmerich is 62. Actor Matt Craven is 61. Actor-comedian Sinbad is 61. Actress Mackenzie Phillips is 58. Author Neil Gaiman (GAY'-mihn) is 57. Actress Vanessa Angel is 54. Actor Hugh Bonneville is 54. Actor-comedian Tommy Davidson is 54. Actor Michael Jai (jy) White is 53. Country singer Chris Cagle is 49. Actor-comedian Tracy Morgan is 49. Actress Ellen Pompeo (pahm-PAY'-oh) is 48. Actor-comedian Orny Adams is 47. Rapper-producer Warren G is 47. Actor Walton Goggins is 46. Comedian-actor Chris Lilley is 43. Contemporary Christian singer Matt Maher is 43. Rock singer-musician Jim Adkins (Jimmy Eat World) is 42. Rapper Eve is 39. Rock musician Chris Joannou (joh-AN'-yoo)(Silverchair) is 38. Actor Bryan Neal is 37. Actress Heather Matarazzo is 35. Country singer Miranda Lambert is 34. Actor Josh Peck is 31. Pop singer Vinz Dery (Nico & Vinz) is 27. Actress Zoey Deutch (DOYCH) is 23. Actress Kiernan Shipka is 18. Actress Mackenzie Foy is 17.

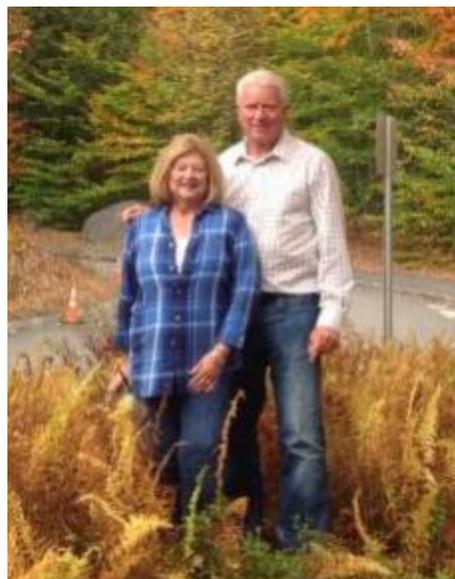
***Thought for Today: "Men get opinions as boys learn to spell, By reiteration chiefly." - Elizabeth Barrett Browning, English poet (1806-1861).***

## Got a story or photos to share?

Got a story to share? A favorite memory of your AP days? Don't keep them to yourself. Share with your colleagues by sending to Ye Olde Connecting Editor. And don't forget to include photos!

Here are some suggestions:

- **Second chapters** - You finished a great career. Now tell us about your second (and third and fourth?) chapters of life.
- **Spousal support** - How your spouse helped in supporting your work during your AP career.
- **My most unusual story** - tell us about an unusual, off the wall story that you covered.
- **"A silly mistake that you make"** - a chance to 'fess up with a memorable mistake in your journalistic career.
- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.
- **Volunteering** - benefit your colleagues by sharing volunteer stories - with ideas on such work they can do themselves.
- **First job** - How did you get your first job in journalism?
- **Connecting "selfies"** - a word and photo self-profile of you and your career, and what you are doing today. Both for new members and those who have been with us a while.
- **Most unusual** place a story assignment took you.



**Paul Stevens**  
 Editor, Connecting newsletter  
[paulstevens46@gmail.com](mailto:paulstevens46@gmail.com)

11/14/2017

Gmail - Connecting - November 10, 2017

Connecting newsletter, [14719 W 79th Ter, Lenexa, KS 66215](#)

SafeUnsubscribe™ [pjshane@gmail.com](mailto:pjshane@gmail.com)

[Forward this email](#) | [Update Profile](#) | [About our service provider](#)

Sent by [paulstevens46@gmail.com](mailto:paulstevens46@gmail.com) in collaboration with



Try it free today